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Original Poetry.

THE OLD MAN'S DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY MORFORD.

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he is gone to his reward,
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital chord,
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dim with the mists of age—it was his time to die.
The Old Man's Burial.

The sun was low in the western skies,
And evening drew apace,
And we saw a mist in the old man's eyes,
And we knew his soul would soon arise,
For the glorious light that never dies
Was beaming on his face.

We gathered around him one by one,
With hushed and silent breath—
For we knew he would die with the setting sun,
And that like him when life was done
We too should be called to tread alone,
In the silent valley of death.

But we did not sob, and we did not weep,
How could we at such an hour;
When the silence should be low and deep,
When no bitter thought was mine to keep,
And the old man's heart was folding to sleep,
As folds up an evening flower.

The setting sun's last lingering glow,
Came in at the window pane,
And the old man's eyes moved calm and slow,
To the golden wall with its sunset glow,
That he ever had loved, and seemed to know,
He never should see again.

The light was gone, and his thin lips moved,
And we knew he breathed a prayer,
To the God whose mercy he had proved,
For the weary world whence he removed,
And the better land his soul had loved,
And looked for many a year.

There was no breath in the darkened room,
No whisper round his head,
And we felt a shadow, but not of gloom—
The Angel of Death, with his sable plume,
Stood by us, and sealed the old man's doom,
And we knew that he was dead.

He had run the cheerful being out,
That nature's God had given,
And immortality hovered about,
And life flowed in as life ebbed out,
And his soul went up, we need not doubt,
To rest in his father's heaven.

Original Nouvellette.

CAROLINE MORGAN.
A Tale of '76.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER X.

SKILFUL PARRY OF A COLONEL'S THRUST.

The name of Col. Morgan was his warrant for his welcome in Boston; for personally and by correspondence he was known to the loyalists there, and to many of the army officers. He found a few other country gentlemen, who, like himself had abandoned their property, and joined the royal standard; in the full faith that the suppression of the rebellion would soon make all right with the faithful, and that they should retake their possessions, with all losses repaired, and more than all, with the triumph of saying to the discomfited and subdued rebels, "I told you so!"

The Colonel's years and infirmities prevented his seeking or accepting active service—but his fidelity to the crown, his supposed knowledge of the character of the people, his military experience, and his estimable social character gave him great influence and consideration. Having with him Caroline, the person whom he most dearly loved on earth, and esteeming their rebellion a sufficient cause to break with his former friends, and to feel sympathy or pity for them no longer, his personal situation was on the whole much pleasanter than for many months—nay we might say years, it had been at Woodland. It was like renewing his youth to be where the King's name was not scoffed at, but religiously believed in as a tower of strength, and where his Majesty and royal household were the daily toasts of honor, and received with three times three. There was only one drawback—that villainous gout! Caroline was a good nurse—but the Colonel still sadly missed his old servant Jacob, who had for many years been his trusty and most excellent factotum, farm overseer, collector, deputy, and gentleman of the bed-chamber, when his master's early camp-habits threw him on the doctor's list. And Jacob—faithful Jacob, had actually dared to do discredit to his household by joining the rebels! This was a bitter sediment in the old man's cup, and he could not disguise it from himself, however much indifference he might profess to Caroline. He denounced poor Jake in unmeasured terms to her—particularly when his tongue sought to make up by its activity, for the embargo laid on his legs or arms, or both, by the disease which it was then the custom to call by its right name, however unfashionable it may have since become.

The Colonel sat one morning at his window, reading Gen. Gage's last proclamation, when a passenger without caught his eye. The man might have passed ninety-nine in a thousand times with no other remark than a raw recruit often causes; but the Colonel rose from his seat—looked after the soldier a moment, and then shouted—"Here you fellow! Here! Come back sirrah!"

Brenton—for it was no other—wheeled with a precision which bore testimony to the recent memory of the corporal's cane, and marching back, confronted his old acquaintance, with an overstrained gesture or two of military etiquette which savored just a little of the awkward squad. The Colonel eyed him a moment—but Brenton looked at his superior, firm and unabashed. "Come in sir," said Col. Morgan, after a pause. The other obeyed—the Colonel seated himself—the recruit remained standing in the attitude of "attention!" and waited further orders. Col. Morgan was too strict a martinet to ask him to sit, and putting on an air half majesterial, half martial, proceeded to inquire.

"What are you doing *here* sir?"

"Perhaps it would not be an infringement of the articles of articles of war," answered the other, "if I should apply the same question to Col. Morgan. All his Majesty's loyal subjects cannot be Colonels. I am a private."

"*You* indeed! What are you doing, I repeat, with his majesty's clothes upon your back?"

"Not much certainly—for the Continentallers appear just now to have us hemmed in, and while our officers fight by proclamation there is not much chance for active service. I am doing as much, perhaps, as any soldier of the royal army."

"Soldier, indeed! You are a rebel and a spy. I shall cause you to be put under arrest, sir!"

"So you ought," answered Brenton, with a slight look of an approach to familiarity. "It is the way to requite a personal service."

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel, starting up from his seat. "Is *that* your mode of addressing your superior officer? Come, come, that will do in Captain Lee's company, perhaps, but not here. There is some other disguise than the coat needed, before a rebel clodhopper can pass himself for a British soldier."

Brenton touched his foretop and made no answer. He knew his interrogator too well to suppose that the hint he had thrown out of personal service would pass unsifted. The Colonel proceeded to propound certain questions, which argued no great faith in Brenton's disinterested friendship. "You were born to be hanged, you villain—born to be hanged! What is it that you claim merit for? Have you ham-stringed my cows at Woodland, to prevent them from running away, or what other description of service have you done?"

"You are disappointed, sir," said Brenton. "You wished to be a martyr to your loyalty, and are, perhaps, therefore vexed that I saved you from the mob, the night your horse was attacked!"

"You *saved* me, did you? Was it saving me to bind my hands with ropes and stuff my mouth so that I could not speak—to break into my house at night by corrupting my servants, and to prevent my making proper disposition of my effects before I came to Boston? I was coming, sir—I was not *driven* out though you rebels may fancy so—for I had determined to give my sovereign this evidence of my loyalty, even if the rebel scoundrels had let me alone. What your gang have left in my house, after binding the owner like an Indian's prisoner, while they robbed his dwelling like a horde of banditti, I can't pretend to say. And you were at the head of this all—I know. Now you are a British soldier, indeed! A spy, you scoundrel, and you shall hang if two uprights and a cross-piece can be found in Boston!"

"You do not appear to know, Colonel," said the recruit, "that the mob who were at your house that night came to drag you away to heap insult on your person, in the patriot mode of tar and feathers."

"Yes—I have heard it—but I don't believe it. I have heard from my housekeeper whom the brave Continental army have suffered to come into Boston, that *Captain* Lee saved me the personal indignity by putting himself in my place. But I don't believe *that*."

"It would be rather a rare exhibition of generosity to no very particular friend," said Brenton with a smile, "to put yourself in his place at such a time. It is hardly necessary for you to believe in such a miracle, and I think I can give you a better account."

Col. Morgan sat down. "Well, then, what is it? Take that chair now, and give us your version of the romance."

"Your wig was stolen?"

"Yes."

"And your coat?"

"Yes."

"You were gagged and bound?"

"Yes, confound your rebel picture—yes! All this I knew before, I *think*," said the Colonel with a look at his legs and hands, while his face purpled with rage, and he almost choked with vexation. "Are these things all you are going to tell me?"

Brenton who had, in fact, been rehearsing these circumstances to gain time, and to contrive in what order to place them, in *his* story, went on: "Well and after all you were left unharmed?"

"That depends upon what you call unharmed," said Col. Morgan, growing impatient. "But no matter. Make haste and finish your story."

"Well," said Brenton, "now I can do it in few words." And having thus gained time for invention, he went on. "You will admit that if Lee wished to save you, there were better ways than the one they say he took?"

The Colonel nodded assent.

"But the fact is, he meant no such thing. When he asked me to come into the measure, he detailed all his plans. *I* knew you was to be bound and gagged, and—"

"You villain, why did you not warn me?"

"Patience, Colonel, patience! I knew your coat and wig were to be taken, and I was the only one, except Jake—"

The Colonel muttered, between his teeth, something very like a curse—

"Who did know it." The Colonel now began to evince much more interest in Brenton's conversation, and as it proceeded, the two lost their relative distinction of officer and soldier, and seemed more like the two citizens of Woodland, than like a British Colonel and a raw recruit. "When Lee told me his plans," said Brenton, "it was to get your wig and coat, and before fastening you to the tree—to hold a mock trial of you for treason against your country, in favor of foreign despots. That's what *he* said, not *I*," observed the speaker in parenthesis, observing that Col. Morgan's loyalty was outraged. "Well, he proposed that *I* should be the President of the Court Martial. I declined the honor and deferred to him."

"All this would have sounded much better on the afternoon before," interrupted Col. Morgan.

"Perhaps so," said Brenton, "but I had my own private purposes to answer."

"No doubt of it," suggested Col. M., with a sneer. Brenton did not heed the interruption, but proceeded with his story. "I applauded the plan, and intimated that, to make it good, he must keep entirely quiet—tell not a soul, and so surprise and amuse the fellows all the more. He did as I bade him, proceeded in every thing according to my instructions—and was seized for you, as you have heard before."

"But why did he not shout out the mistake?" asked the Colonel.

"Why did you not shout?" asked Brenton, smiling. "I took care that *he* should say nothing, as he had before taken care of you. I thus served one purpose—that of getting you clear, and almost another—that of getting him foul. Your housekeeper, who you say is here, can tell you that I was early at the house next morning. I wanted to offer you my services—and I had a private end in *that*, too. You see, Colonel, I am honest and above aboard. *I* pretend to no disinterestedness. I wished, unknown as I am, to come to Boston under your warrant and protection."

The Colonel pondered some moments. The artful tale he had heard derived some probability, in his mind, for its meeting his prejudices. Brenton having constructed it with consummate art. The haughty and independent Colonel hated all obligations generally, except that which he owed his sovereign, and which he considered a religious duty. He hated Horace Lee individually, and particularly disliked to feel indebted to him. Brenton saw that setting up a claim of "personal service" in the early part of his conversation, was working against him. He skilfully took another tack—professing to have done every thing for himself, first, and then thought of the Colonel, incidentally. This shrewdness completed the deception of the old Loyalist. Glad to be relieved of any feeling of respect for Horace Lee, he found Brenton's story much more credible than the truth, which had reached him through the housekeeper.

"James," said the Colonel, at length, "I must believe you. Your story is honest, straight-forward, and has all the marks of truth. I shall do what I can for you here. Serve your God and King honestly and faithfully, and you shall not fail of promotion."

Brenton, who could scarce suppress a malicious smile as he heard this commendation, judged that the present was just the proper moment to depart, and leave a good impression behind him. He threw *James Brenton* aside—became the *recruit* again, and with the proper military congee had effected his retreat, when the Colonel called him back again. Brenton instantly detected the cloud which had come over his brow; and soon heard the reason.—

"How about another thing, Brenton? Wasn't you tarred and feathered in this city, not long ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how was *that*? Perhaps you had no wish to visit me, in the same way, to relieve your mortification?"

"Certainly not," said Brenton. "Why select you! But if you had said, like Horace Lee, that I 'deserved what I got,' there would have been the same motive against you, that I had against *him*."

What a most dexterous liar was this Brenton. The cloud was partially cleared from the Colonel's face already. "Let me see"—said he, slowly, "you were punished for buying a musket, of a soldier, I believe?"

"Trapped, Colonel. An unsuspicious man, like myself, could see no reason why a loyal subject should not arm himself when the rebels all around him were doing it."

The Colonel dismissed Brenton, fully determined to see that honest, loyal, candid, and excellent man, set right in the proper quarter!

CHAPTER XI.

A SOOTY MESSENGER.

Poor Caroline! The old colonel's discoveries, detailed in the last chapter were a sad affliction to his ward. While, however unwillingly, Col. Morgan was compelled to acknowledge that Horace Lee had befriended him, and saved the infliction of the popular violence, he had at least the grace to forbear all unkind allusion; but now, since he was firmly convinced that it was Brenton who had caused the mischief intended for him to fall, almost upon the chief plotter of it, the old colonel was outrageously violent. The tale invented by Brenton, almost for the nonce, was ridiculously lame and improbable, and, but for the peculiarities of Col. Morgan's mind, would not have received a moment's credence. But it was a relief which he would not for worlds have foregone, to feel acquitted of obligation to the young rebel who had added private to his political sins, in daring to seek the hand of his ward—in instilling his continental notions into her mind, and in seducing old Jacob from his allegiance.

Of course Col. Morgan retailed the whole of Brenton's story to his ward. He made such additions, insensibly to himself, and without any purpose of falsehood, as rendered the narrative more coherent and rational. The poor old housekeeper was also made an innocent witness, by the artful reference to her which Brenton introduced and Caroline's faith in her lover was more than a little shaken. Still, as she certainly had no prejudices *against* the accused to bias her judgment, and as the other version of the occurrence made some matters intelligible which Brenton's story left in doubt, the heart of Caroline was a trusting advocate for her absent lover. Bitter was the lot of woman in those days, when war, that greatest of earthly calamities, thrust its fell influence in, to sunder the domestic and social ties which are woman's life, and to make afflictions and sorrows of the best and purest affections!

Communication with the country was now entirely shut off—and, except the ribald mirth and reckless gaiety of the army, the city was in deep and wearisome gloom. Even those few of the citizens whose sympathies were with the crown, and the loyalists from the country who had sought refuge within the British lines, began to feel anything but confidence in the issue of the contest; and to perceive that the result, in any case, offered them but a melancholy prospect. A conquered country after a civil war, has too many of the elements of disquiet and danger to permit happiness even to the victors; and jealousies, suspicions, and heartburnings must ever keep the citizens arrayed against each other, in mutual distrust. Nor could the loyalists fail to perceive that while the colonists generally were held in contempt, the portion of them who professed and manifested a desire to maintain their allegiance, were still looked upon, by the foreign troops and even the civil magistrates, as men who were in a position by their connexions and former friendships, which rendered active partizanship necessary to prove their fidelity.

It was a dull residence for Caroline—and not dull merely, but painful. Where was Horace, and how employed? She shuddered as she heard her uncle protest his anxiety to meet him in the field. He often declared his wish that no mercy should be shown to traitors and murderers who should be taken in arms against the sovereign. He denied them the name of soldiers, and insisted that the magnanimous and generous uses of war did not belong to a contest between the troops called in to aid the civil arm, and the criminals and malefactors against whom they were employed. Such was the light in which the loyalists almost universally viewed the continental army at the date of our story and it was many months before they were willing even in part to relinquish their doctrines. But it was not many days from this time before the British troops had a second proof that they were not to be mere sheriff's assistants. Lexington was the first.

Love become hate is fiendish hatred—and friendship, perverted to enmity is always dreadfully malignant. The encounters and warfare of the imported soldiers of the British army with the continental forces had, in the Revolutionary struggle many—perhaps most of the redeeming traits of warfare; but the partisan features, the quarrels of American with American—of neighbor with neighbor—nay, as it sometimes happened, of brother with brother, were the darkest and most terrible passages of that era. Only those who have once loved can truly and wholly hate.

Col. Morgan, as we have already remarked, gave a striking exemplification of these truths in his exceeding bitterness against the patriots generally, and the Woodlanders in particular. He delighted to speak of them as burglars and thieves, and Lee he scarcely mentioned now, but as a footpad and highwayman. Parson Winter, of whose going to the camp he had been advised, he called Friar Tuck without the legendary good-fellowship of that freebooter in orders, and upon some or other, or all of these points he did not fail to annoy Caroline at every time they met. Brenton, with the habile adroitness of the arch-fiend himself, managed to feed the flame, and to keep up his hold upon the Colonel, and the necessity of his occasional presence to the old man, by the pretended receipt of intelligence from Woodland, to which his dupe readily listened. Brenton was too artful to commit himself in any way by these pretended informations, but carried them just far enough to obtain the Colonel's confidence, friendship, and influence, by means of which the traitor obtained grace, and favor which a private, and above all a deserter could not in any other way have secured.

"Now then, Caroline," said the Colonel one morning, "you see General Gage, instructed by a merciful and paternal government, is not so vast a scoundrel, nor so cruel a tyrant as our rebel countrymen would have him painted. You may consider the war as virtually at an end, and that without bloodshed. In a proclamation just issued, by virtue of the powers delegated to him by his Majesty, he has shown alike, acute statesmanship and deep knowledge of human nature. There is only one difficulty in it that strikes my mind: and that is how we are possibly to provide officers and quarters for the rabble rout, outside the town, who will be flocking in by—regiments I was going to say—but mobs or multitudes will better express it. The rebel captains and colonels of thieves and chiefs of banditti, will be left without so much as a servant!"

"Is this some of Brenton's news, uncle?"

"Brenton be hanged! No—not so bad as that, neither, for he is a good fellow, whatever you may think, or say. But it is not his intelligence. It is official, girl. Gen. Gage offers pardon to all Americans, hitherto in rebellion, who will resort to the royal standard—except, of course, such fellows as Mr. John Hancock and Mr. Samuel Adams, and the arch rebels of their kidney. Of course the people, who have got enough of rebellion by this time, and see their folly, will come in by scores and fifties. Others will go back to their farms, trusting to the future clemency of their sovereign, and we shall thus master the undisciplined mob which is hanging about the borders of the town, without so much as a blow. I am sure of it—sure. The conspicuous rogues will run to escape the halter they deserve—the people who have stood aloof, aiding only by correspondence and comfort, will cease a course which classes them with defeated traitors, and this most ridiculous and unnatural rebellion, will soon be forgotten, except by those who have ruined themselves in it, or have been ruined by their friends!"

Caroline made no reply. What could she answer? The unusually long oration which her uncle had delivered, partially defeated its own purpose. Fearful as she was, for the safety of her country, and the welfare of her friends, and thus, by timidity, predisposed to believe evil, she saw that her uncle had talked so long and so earnestly, as much to convince *himself* of what he would fain believe, as to persuade her of what he felt she doubted.

"Say something, child!" her uncle said, at length.

"God prosper the right, and avert the horrors of civil war!" said Caroline—arising in tears and leaving the table.

"Amen to that! Amen with all my heart!" answered her uncle, applying himself, but with sad wry faces to the tea which he took "on principle," though he bitterly abhorred it as dog's wash. "Amen to that. It's a more sensible prayer than our old rebel, Parson Winter has made, since he joined the con-*ty*-nental *army*, I'll warrant. Rebel parsons make no such prayers."

"Oh, uncle—the kitchen chimney needs sweeping."

"Does it, indeed! Well, I must say that is a curious comment upon Gen. Gage's proclamation! What put it in your head just now?"

"Oh, nothing," said Caroline, a little confused, "but seeing a sweep."

"Take care of the chimney then, by all means," said her uncle, "for now I begin to have strong hopes we shall have something to eat." And as Caroline went out, to give directions, he said—"There's an admission! Now that girl would not own, if I put her on oath, that she had any confidence in the result of Gage's measures, but she betrays herself, in a little act of thoughtfulness, which could not have happened yesterday."

So argued the Colonel—with a minute observation, of which a few little facts might have showed the fallacy. The sweep attracted Caroline's attention by very peculiar gestures toward her, and frequent passing in front of the house, till at length the impression came over her that she must have seen that identical black boy somewhere, and often, before. Betty, cook, declared that she did not believe the little rascal went up the flue at all—for it was never worse swept in the world. But Caroline was perfectly satisfied with Cuff's work, and annoyed her uncle, through that day, and the next, with more silent rebellion than ever.

The sweep had brought her a written paper without direction, date, or signature—but not the less intelligible on that account, to her. Now, she felt armed against all Brenton's falsehoods, and all her uncle's innuendoes; nor did she fail to perceive in the spirit and tone of the epistle, that a feeling was abroad which no pardons or promises from royalty or its messages could betray into submission. There seemed something in the import of the letter more than it expressly conveyed—some foreshadowing of an important event which could not be trusted to the hands of a messenger, or even to the eye of affection. But whatever this might be—whether it would affect the public weal, or referred solely to them—let it result in good or ill, in happiness or misery—there was one thing now of which she felt sure, and of which belief a world could not dispossess her. Horace Lee was unalterably, faithfully, and devotedly hers—and as she thought upon him and his dangers, and his kindness to her amid all his cares and perils, it seemed to her almost as if her heart had left the dull body behind in the beleagured town, and flown to join her beloved in the patriot camp.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

DRESDEN—THE PICTURE GALLERY—ANTIQUE COLLECTION — LIBRARY — THE "GREEN VAULTS."

Dresden, May 11, 1845.

I have now been two days in this "Florence of the Elbe," as the Saxons have christened it, and am becoming more and more delighted with it. Exclusive of its glorious galleries of art, which are scarcely surpassed by any in Europe, the natural beauty of its environs is very great. It stands in a curve of the Elbe, in the midst of green meadows, gardens, and fine old woods, with the hills of Saxony sweeping around like an amphitheatre, and the craggy peaks of the Highlands, looking at it from afar. The domes and spires at a distance give it a rich Italian look, which is heightened by the white villas, embowered in trees, gleaming on the hills around. In the streets there is no bustle of business—nothing of the din and confusion of traffic which mark most cities; but it seems like a place for study and quiet enjoyment.

The railroad brought us in three hours from Leipzic, over the eighty miles that intervene. The greater part of the way is over a plain, and one sees nothing of the city until he arrives there. We came from the station through the *Neustadt*, passed the Japanese Palace and the equestrian statue of Augustus the Strong. The magnificent bridge over the Elbe has been so much injured by the late inundation as to be impassable, and we were obliged to go some distance up the river bank, and cross on a bridge of boats. Next morning my first search was for the picture gallery. We set off at random, but took, accidentally, the right road, and after passing the Church of our Lady, with its lofty dome of solid stone, which withstood the heaviest bombs during the war with Frederick the Great, came to an open square, one side of which was occupied by an old, brown, red-roofed building, which I at once recognized, from pictures, as the object of our search.

I have just been taking a last look at it this morning, and left it with real regret; for, during the two visits, Raphael's heavenly picture of the Madonna and child had so grown into my love and admiration, that it was difficult to think I should never see it again. And there are many more that cling so strongly to my imagination, gratifying in the highest degree the love for the Beautiful, that I left them with sadness, and the thought that I would now only have the memory. That is much, thank Heaven! I can see the inspired eye and god-like brow of the Jesus-child, as if I was still standing before the picture, and the sweet, holy countenance of the Madonna still looks upon me. Yet, though this picture is a miracle of art, the first glance filled one with disappointment. It is somewhat faded through the three hundred years that have rolled away since the hand of Raphael worked on the canvass, and the glass with which it is covered for better preservation, injures the effect. But after I had looked at it awhile, every thought of this vanished. The figure of the virgin seemed to soar in the air, and it was difficult to think the clouds were not in

This was, however, but the commencement of Eveline's trials. Hitherto the hopes of a brighter future had supported her; now, under the sad possibility of a failure, she had consoled herself by the thought that at least the subject of all this misery, her child, was safe. But now, what was she to expect? Would not the child, too, be taken from her? Would not the law, which had given the father the power to take away the child, instead of strengthening it, weigh it, for, then, Evaline would be left alone? Yet, if she formed a plan for Wendville's leaving, and escaping with the child, would not the law, which had called forth every energy against her, punish her for the fraud? Would not the child be taken from her, and the wealth secured to it by the marriage settlement given to him. The accused hour of having entered her room she pressed and hugged more and more closely to her breast the unconscious object of her love, and, in conformity with equal bitterness, and then another set in, more powerful still. The former brought the healthful spot in which Evaline had been born and reared, to the closely pent up room she now occupied, aided to the distress of mind she suffered, and, as might be expected, a powerful effort upon her naturally delicate frame, and symptoms of re-current consumption were the consequences. The figure lost its beautiful proportions, the soft bloom on her cheek was succeeded by a sickly flush, and the brilliancy of her eye, by those eye was destroyed by constant tears. But he who had been the cause of this premature decay of her charms, of conscience for the part he had taken, nor even deemed it incumbent on him to make a show of decorum in the case of Wendville's death. The love he had at one period so ardently professed, had been culled forth by the dazzling beauty for which she was once distinguished—but not of a nature to stand the test of time.

The distresses Evaline endured were of necessity aggravated by the fact that they were self-inflicted, and bitterly did she repent the rash step she had taken; yet she could not allow herself to make those confessions to her sister, though pity for her sister's beauty it was that she still existed.

Affairs were in this unpromising state, when one cheerless evening at the latter end of autumn, after seeing her child quietly asleep she sat down, intending to pen a few lines to Mary, in answer to a letter full of anxious inquiries which she had received in the morning. Before she had put the pen to the paper to replenish with fuel, was expiring in the grate, and the little candle, before which she had been faded form, cast a faint light over the large but scantily furnished apartment; but so powerfully were the feelings of the neglected young wife wrought upon by the loneliness of her situation, that the sad and wept instead of fulfilling her task. "Oh, my sister," she passionately exclaimed, closing her hands together as she spoke, "could you behold me now, how would your affectionate heart bleed at the sight; but you are spared the misery, and it is well! I have already borne much upon you."

A quick step upon the stairs, and the sudden opening of the door, here arrested her. She turned abruptly, thinking she knew not what from the appearance of Wendville in an attested if not as unalterated state, increased her alarm.

"Evaline, my love—my sister!" he demanded, seeing the materials for her letter lying on the table before her. "I trust you are about to ask a further supply of money, for it is out of my power to the support you any longer," he added.

"What do you mean, Henry?" asked the young wife, in breathless agitation.

"I mean," he doggedly rejoined, "that this day has settled my long-continued claim to the estate, and it is decided against us."

Evaline looked at him in amazement. She had long considered the story of the lawsuit a mere fabrication, but the opposing sincerity of his manner now awakened a belief that it was not all untruth.

"You look stupified, girl," he pursued, "but this is no season for delay; you must pack up all we possess within a quarter of an hour, and then I shall return with a vehicle to convey us from here for we are no longer safe in this part of the country."

"Are you in earnest, Henry?" she asked, so bewildered that she scarcely knew how to perform the task he had imposed her.

"Earnest!" he fiercely repeated. "Is this a time for jesting, when an hour's delay might fail me my prison?"

"Oh, Wendville," exclaimed the unhappy girl, throwing her arms around him in a paroxysm of grief, "you know that I have lived these eighteen months upon the hope of the favorable termination of this lawsuit. You know that for love of you I left a happy home, where I knew not want or sorrow, and where no aversions, I was sure, would addressed but with words of tenderness. But I now arise and Heaven is witness to my words, that I will follow you to beggary or to prison if you still love me and treat me with the kindness you were wont to do."

Foolish woman," he muttered, putting her from him, though there was less harshness in his tones—"this is no time for romantic exertions—hope days are over; do as I bid you, or you value my safety."

And as he spoke he abruptly quitted the room.

In a state of excitement which gave her strength for the performance of the duty he had imposed on her, Evaline collected her apparel, and was nearly ready by the appointed time. Mrs. Jackson assisted in carrying down the luggage, while the unhappy wife, though totally ignorant where she was going, caught up her still sleeping infant, and folding it within the cloak with which she was herself enveloped, followed down the stairs. A hackney-coach stood at the door, into which Wendville almost forced her, as eager did he appear to depart; then, after whispering a few words to the driver, he sprang at himself by her side, and the vehicle drove off with the utmost rapidity.

A few days after the above related events took place, a letter, bearing Evaline's signature, was put into the hands of Mary Turner at the village where the characters, that she could scarcely believe them to have been penned by her. The sad information it contained was expressed in the following modest and pathetic words—Haste to me, my beloved Mary. Haste to me as you love me, if I have not no rubbed you that you cannot raise sufficient money to pay the expenses of the journey. Neither her your presence can comfort me or save me from self-destruction. I am deserted and alone, that for whom I screwed my only earthly friend has left me—left me penniless and without assistance for the innocent little creature who is my companion in misery—suffering strangers, who have not even suspicion. You, will come to me, my sweet sister; I am sure you will come; your heart was never what against me and your forgiving love will pardon your erring but ever affectionate Evaline.

Miss Ramsay, with that selfdenying affection for which her kind heart and ever ready feelings are so true to one than as how ever can her way to London, laden with a number of these little comforts which are thought might be acceptable to her unfortunate sister. She found her occupying a miserable garret, in an obscure part of the eastern suburbs, and so changed in person that she could scarcely recognize her. The meeting on Mary's part, was characterized by tenderness and concern, on Evaline's by passionate gratitude. "Oh, my sister," cried the latter, as she fondly clung around that beloved relative, "I little thought when last I held you that that our next meeting would be in such a home and under such circumstances! But I deserve it all; I have brought upon myself all the misery which I suffer. But if my generous heart that I have not tolored you, dearest Mary, in my turn."

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The fatal day, which had been known to all during the month, arrived, and the hour of sporting gun's here to the final sale of the estate and effects, but it was late in the height her evanescent light which had been so long the source of her joy, her pride, and her hope, the former had triumphed, and the latter had been extinguished by the cold hand of disappointment. In her grief she had not the power to weep, and the tears which would not come could give such a stop in the face as she could. She was whimsical to the last degree. She could find fault with the cut of the gown of a dance, and then isolated from the world, perished in comparative destitution.

We regret we have no room for part of the numerous anecdotes in this work. They would show that we have taken the true view of her character in supposing her to have been originally a great deal of great eccentricity, who first became an impostor, then her own dupe, and ended in being insane. We do not suppose that in any Christian country she could have been consigned to a strait jacket, but that recorded vanity preying on a morbid conscience, would have produced, as a natural reaction from the world, and an indulgence in despotic habits, such a state of mind.

We have no doubt, whatever.

FATHER MILLER.

We observe by the papers that Mr. Miller has published an address or apology in relation to his doctrine concerning the end of the world. It does not appear that it is time, but says he was scientific and practical enough to know that it was wrong as to time, he can only live in continued expectation of the event. He concludes thus:—For my self-respect and esteem, I will say, that while I have spoken evil of me without cause, I freely forgive. My labors are principally ended. I shall leave in my present field of labor, and wait patiently for the truth. Many years I toiled alone; God has now raised up those who will fill my place. I shall not cease to pray for the truth's sake.

We have no doubt of Mr. Miller's sincerity and honesty of purpose, but he has been astonishingly deluded. The case of a great many others, we have been sentenced in the House of Correction, Petersham, Mass., Ellinwood for five months, for a petty assault and battery. Another of the ringleaders was fined ten dollars and costs, and for what thereof was committed. The Barre Gazette says:—"By a self-complacency, which can be denied by none, with women and others, have for a long time been disgraceful beyond measure."

METEORS.

A meteor was lately observed in Connecticut, and in New York, of a truly magnificent character. A scientific friend of the True Sun, who observed it in New York, says that it was "a ball of fire, of diameter, moving in an orbit fifteen miles distant from the earth."

The Canadian comet passed over Fayetteville, N. C. on Monday week, between two and three o'clock in the morning. Many of the citizens were aroused from their slumbers by the sound of a loud explosion, somewhat resembling thunder. Many awoke out of their sleep, and thought that a dread of the last day had arrived. Others, it is said, who were much astonished to find a clear and serene sky. No damage was done and the only persons were acquainted with the cause; which, they said, was a large meteor, which rose much in the direction of an eclipse, and rapidly from the parade ground. It appeared at first, says one of our informants, about as large as a bushel measure, and increased in magnitude as it approached the earth, and as it apparently passed the limits of vision, it burst into fragments and its whole appearance was changed to that of a mass of fire, which fell in the woods beyond our sight.

We think we may congratulate the Post upon the close of the Extraordinary Story in our columns last week's paper, of all the matters in the paper succeeding that. It has been the effort of the writer to condense and preserve as much interest as the minor facts of the time; such as are least hackneyed in narration, and seldomest found in the columns of the newspaper, and now that the revolutionary struggle there is an immense and scarcely explored field for the writer of romance, and one which may be expected with advantage to the youth of our country. The rising generation cannot be too often reminded of the rest of the privileges which, we fear it is beginning to be too much regard too lightly.

For the next week we must let the Post of to-day tell its own story. It contains a goodly variety of matter, adapted to all tastes, and fit also, we trust, to instruct and improve a considerable part of the leisure of time, for which a newspaper sees most admirably calculated.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

A memoir of this lady has just appeared in London, from the pen of the physician who accompanied her to the East, and who had enjoyed her confidence on her for nearly thirty years. So much has been published about her which is untrue that we are glad to find a writer on whom we can rely. The story of her eccentricities long ago awakened the public curiosity, and now we are surprised to learn from the rhodomontade of Burkingham to the pagand pages of Eothen, has been eagerly received. But it is only since the publication of this memoir that the real character of this woman, half deceiver half deceived, has come to light.

The truth is, Lady Hester was a very vain, a very eccentric, and a very imperious woman. She was the niece and favorite of William Pitt, and, whatever she might be in the eastern wilds, she was charged in person that she could scarcely recognize her. The meeting on Mary's part, was characterized by tenderness and concern, on Evaline's by passionate gratitude. "Oh, my sister," cried the latter, as she fondly clung around that beloved relative, "I little thought when last I held you that that our next meeting would be in such a home and under such circumstances! But I deserve it all; I have brought upon myself all the misery which I suffer. But if my generous heart that I have not tolored you, dearest Mary, in my turn."

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Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1846.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The way cloud has now completely blown over. Even the New Orleans and other Southern papers which have been most out of temper with us, now speak of the affair as about as last that there is not danger. Almost the only way in which war could now possibly originate, would be for some one of our own countries upon the frontier; but of this there seems to be not the remotest possibility. We need not fear from any of the European powers, for upon this fact; for of all national evils a war is one of the greatest, whether it be necessary and successful, or not.

Peace is the true policy of our country—it is the under which we have hitherto grown and flourished. We are anti-republican to the core, for it is the advantage and glory of the few, at the expense of the life of many, and for the mere pride of rule. In old feudal times it was honor and glory for a loyal vassal to be killed or mangled for his lord; and now-a-days a newspaper-man must be ready to serve in the host when their blood was wanted, we cannot wonder that even the people liked the tumult and excitement which feudal times afforded them. But in our land all this is changed. The peace system is to be deep and pervading to be set aside by any momentary or insufficient cause. Even the smacks hold true not only of our own, but of nearly all modern civilized nations and civilized monarchs.

The general domestic news of the week is not important or exciting—if we except the terrible forgetfulness of investigation in this and some other cities. What can be the meaning of it? It is not want, for there is a general air of comfort over the land which would contradict that supposition. We think, as we have said before, that all the fees attributed to incendiaries can hardly occur through wilful agency. Carelessness is a quite sufficient reason for many conflagrations, which are attributed to malice, to escape the assignment and acknowledgment of the true cause.

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Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN

FOUR DAYS LATER.

The Great Western arrived at New York on Tuesday evening, after a passage of seventeen days. She brought one hundred and forty-five passengers, the largest number that has come in a steamer. Among them are the Hon. E. J. Magenis, Austrin, Naples, and the Hague.

There has been a slight change in the Cotton Market. The demand for Cotton has been active, in consequence of the state of the weather.

The Duchess of Orleans left the Queen Victoria to the Continent. Her reception by the King of Prussia has certainly been magnificent. The details of her progress during her journey, and of the grand entertainments given in her honor at Coblentz, will be found in the letter of our Paris correspondent.

Advices from Switzerland state that affairs in that unhappy country are now near a crisis. It will be brought to the attention of the Diet.

We find but little in the Spanish news worth a thought. The Spanish government has commenced the restitution to the clergy of the unalienated property of the nation. The Queen's marriage is still the subject of much speculation, but nothing definite has been really said, but on what subject payments have not been made.

The Oriental Mail arrived on the 31st ult., the commercial accounts by which possess no striking feature. Trade was upon the whole, in a satisfactory condition. Exchange was brisk, and freights for England had improved. The cholera was sweeping down in many places, and numbers fell victims to their last account. At Lahore the mortality was considerable—numbering on 30,000! From China there is nothing new.

THE ANTI RENTERS.

Arrests and investigations still continue in Delaware Co., New York. The rents are being collected by the sheriff, at the military point of bayonets, have been sentenced in the House of Correction, Petersham, Mass., Ellinwood for five months, for a petty assault and battery. Another of the ringleaders was fined ten dollars and costs, and for what thereof was committed. The Barre Gazette says:—"By a self-complacency, which can be denied by none, with women and others, have for a long time been disgraceful beyond measure."

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MIRACULOUS SPEED.

In our England's Era we have an account of rail road speed which has never been exceeded. The result of the Sunderland Election was looked for with great anxiety in London. Mr. Hudson, the rail road king, had chartered a special train to run on an express, which performed the distance, 300 miles, in eight hours! A detailed account of this extraordinary piece of speed will be found in the letter of the 15th, which states, that while the returning officer was proclaiming the result of the election at the Sunderland Town Hall, the express train which was to convey the news to London was being got ready at Darlington to York, 45 miles, was performed in fifty-two minutes, and in some parts of the line, the speed was at the rate of 80 miles an hour. The whole manufacture, we understand, has also glutted the market. The Prince of Wales continued his tour in England, which, after lying for some months at New Orleans, have been reshipped to their owners, for a market.

The Yankees, who are fertile in experiments, and versatile in their habits of industry, would find a profitable employ in the wooden clock trade and implements, if the wearing of shoes should be discontinued entirely.

AMUSING SATIRE.

Lord Brougham is, as politician, a notorious disturber—worse even than John Randolph was before him—but as an author he is quite a gem. The number of "Punch, he is represented en robe of merry on bed, as the "Mrs. Caudle of the House of Lords," scolding away at the Whig ministry in the place of Mr. Caudle, after the following fashion:—

What do you say? Thank Heaven you're going to be taking a new lease, and you'll stay for two months? Never mind. Depend upon it, when you come back, you shall have it again. No, I don't. You shall not. You shall not have it again. No, I don't, but I'm not going to give up every little privilege—though it's seldom I open my lips, goodness knows!"

GREAT ESTABLISHMENT.

One of the most extensive counterfeiting establishments in the country, and yet the most secret, was broken up, near Stanford, Ky. It appears that a man named G. W. Robinson, of Kentucky, was the principal counterfeiter. He had commenced operations on a small scale, but soon after he was taken dangerously ill, which induced him to make a full confession of his deeds of darkness, for fearing consequences, and that

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THOMAS KELLY is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

TIMON. A POEM. *By Henry James Bailey. First American Edition. Baxter: B. B. Minzie, Philadelphia. U. S. Appleton.* We have heard of a man who, of a good old and old-fashioned lady, with more reverence than knowledge, who gave it as her opinion that Mr. Milton might have been in better humour when writing *Paradise Lost*. There is, in our mind, a similar kind of reprobation to the free use of divine and of infernal personifications as poetic imagery. We can bear to have Jupiter, and Juno, and Olympus treated as mere machinery, but when the awful augury of the Christian Heaven is made to serve the purposes of a poet, Bailey like, we feel treated his subject in a manner which we call profanity, and profanity is unwarrantable and abhorrent to a Christian. If this book were not, as a *pis au*, truly magnificent, and in places, awfully sublime, it would be the verdict of the public that it was formed by the hand of blasphemy. The originality and power, its fearfully striking imagery and its other attributes of the highest order, have secured it the admiration of some of the highest and we may add wildest minds on both sides of the Atlantic. Bailey is, in a magazine—but a little essay were better than all his editorials—a poet. He has evidently studied much the unpremeditable, and approached the consideration of his attributes and character with proper reverential awe. They have not been the less upright of heart who the Holy of Holies in the Temple, as of taking any liberties, however reverential, therewith and the name of the great I Am. Byron, who had unquestionably at once rose a knowledge of the Old Testament, and the ideas of Divinity by admiration for crazy poets. No such feature was ever published without reverence for the father of song; a Bailey in his day; and his poems may have shocked the thinking into admiration, and been sealed to the multitude, and consequently have had (social) percentages down to the lowest level; and advance after advance on the level of true poetry, and have become pets and bearers, brought in the evermore and ridiculous favors and fables of mythology, and even descended to call it because the subject of the rhinkley of the comic poem, the contempt of the higher minds, and the indifference of young people.

The divine truths which God has made the subject of Revelation to us, can never be degraded by the use of any thing could produce such a result it would be poesy like Bailey's. Here we find the Deity and angels and spirits pertinent to this connection, the familiar and colloquial manner in which the Saviour and his address and speak of the Great Supreme. We object to both extreme—the insanity of imagery of Mr Bailey on the one hand, and the ineligible presumption of many preachers on the other. If men would write and speak to do good, let them use no more of God than commanded, and let their less dependence to measure the immeasurable by human standards. We have already expressed our opinion of selecting again the power of Foster as a composition—followed as it is by Bailey—and the opinion of the Rev. Robert Hall, a young one would have scored out. As to its argument, we have not had time to analyze it; and to tell the truth, would almost say that we have not the taste of Venetian, to see what the boiling up tends to, and what it evinces. Declamatory and moral history may be studied in better schools.

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☞ Lieut. Robert Stanbe received in payment for our letters.

☞ Persons accustomed to make quick remittances, after which it is difficult to keep accounts straight. We should always give names and time paid for.

Remember, all letters must be Post Paid. Every communication as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Messrs Mead, Lee, & Bennett, of Cincinnati, T. Webster Hamil, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN WILSON, Canada East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Louisville.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Mississippi.

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THOMAS KELLY is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.

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Western Scenes.

THE WESTERN WILDS.

From the narrative of Lieut. Fremont's second Exploring Expedition, we make some extracts which go to us to possess much merit. Every thing which leads to make the wide territory of the United States more known, and more accessible to our citizens, is worthy of notice, as well as interesting. Our first extract is a notice of

A COMPANY OF EMIGRANTS.

"We continued our road down the river, and at night encamped on the bank. The company consisted men, women and several children—who appeared to be belonging to the line of emigration which was struck with the fair appearance of their cattle, and with the adult vigor of their beings, which struck us as well as if they had been all the summer at home on some good farm. It was strange to see one small family travelling alone through such a country as this—the most civilization for some many years since, such a security might have been a fatal one; but since their disastrous debacle in the country it has been the principal line of travel for these waters. Indians, however, are very uncertain in their movements—and the friendly feeling, also of those now inhabiting it may be changed.

"Among the emigrants this afternoon, the point of a new spar, we descended into a beautiful bottom. Here is a broad valley, which presented a picture of home beauty that went directly to our hearts. The day was fine, and for several miles along the river, was dotted with, the white covers of emigrant wagons, which we met in every direction, and where the smokes were rising lazily from the fires, and the people were variously occupied in preparing the evening meal, and the children playing on the grass. And before and following after us was the bottom, had an air of quiet security and civilized comfort, which made a rare sight for the traveller in such a remote wilderness.

"In company with all the emigration, they had been opposing for several days in this delightful valley, in order to recruit their animals for the hard and pastrage after their long journey, and prepare them for the hard travel along the comparatively barren country before them.

The most important part of Lieut. Fremont's Report, is that which relates to the geological and topographical features of the country. The following is a specimen.

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General News.

CRIME AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—We dislike to publish such things as the following; but the lesson, showing the danger of the beginnings of vice, is too important to be omitted. The 4th of June, Mr Henry, or McHenry, and another man, whose name the editor did not learn, married each one of their sisters—the brothers and sisters Miss Reynolds, county of Union, Arkansas, about twenty miles from Minden. One of the sisters, she whose husband's name is not given—was about seventeen years old; the other a few weeks since eloped—Goodwin with her husband. Henry's wife was a Miss Reynolds, was named Henderson. Besides abandoning their husbands, they left behind each of them a young child. They remained in the neighborhood of Minden. Attorney. It is to this manner that commercial affairs again open and trade and business. Mr. and Mrs. Antrobuses will wear them quite as soon as Parliament, but by the Fahrenheitum, gruntles or hide the Fahrenheitum, hereafter, ignorant all over the land of taste, and are sure to be very soon common. A great gentleman, and a great lawyer, Mr. Wright, worn this autumn and winter. Inside flowers will be worn much under hats in the street, and in the street and liber, as they are the most becoming for the face. Mantelets are to be worn as much as ever. Mantelets de laines with corsage à la grecque put on the top of the dress, and trimmed with velvet, with these elegant dresses are worn beautiful pelerines, trimmed with velvet, and subsequents outside—*Modes Parisiennes per Colombine.*

CONFIGURATION OF THE BOWELS, or Costiveness, Head-ache, Giddiness, Pain in the Stomach, Sickness, Loss of Appetite, Cholera, Cholera Infantum, and all the diseases of the Liver, if not cured, will produce Piles. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are uniformly recommended by those who have used them, as the best remedy for the stomach and bowels at all times and under all circumstances, and therefore are a certain cure for chronic, dyspepsia, costiveness, and all diseases of the bowels.

Caution to Agents.—Some tempters and agents are introducing a spurious article, called Vegetable Pills, and Indian Vegetable Pills, made by one G. Benjamin Smith, of N. York, and by various persons under other names, but the genuine are the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, have never a monetary agent, and all letters relative to agencies or to purchase at the offices, No. 102 HAGE street, New York, and No. 288 Chestnut street, Phila. No. 288 Chestnut street, between Second and Chambers streets, Phila. Be sure to call for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Remember, beware of all Sugar Coated Counterfeits, as they contain in all cases a rat for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

S. C. WILLIAMS, Importer of Watches, Jewelry, Watches and Jewelry every-day, will sell for CASH and it their advantage to call at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry store, No. 36 north second street, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full Jewelled, 18 carat cases, $45.00

Lever Watches, same Jewelled, $35.00

Silver Lever Watches, extra Jewelled, $25.00

Silver Lever Watches, plain, $20.00

Lever Quartier Gold Pencils, $6.00

Silver Spectacles, $2.50 to $3.00

Patent Lagdering Key Pencils, $1.00

Gold Finger Rings, $1.50, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50 cents. Other articles in proportion. Call and see for yourself. No. 36 north second street, Philadelphia. 1y-SAMUEL

ALL kinds of good Watches and Jewelry, at the lowest prices. Watches repaired at this establishment are warranted. 1y-16

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.—F. MAHAN, publisher of the Philadelphia Paris, and London Fashions, is ready to deliver to Fashionable Ladies his Fall and Winter. The present number of the Fashions contains 12 figures representing all the varieties of costume. There are also the *Patterns*, natural size, of the newest and most fashionable sleeves, collars, &c., and all the necessary information for cutting out and making the dresses. Among which are the *Patterns* of the dress cuffs for the new Paletot, and the *Patterns* of the new Pelerine, which is now all the rage in Paris. Also

Selected Poetry.

TURN THE CARPET.

BY HANNAH MOORE.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Exchanging rustic chat,
They mused upon the price of meat—
Its scarcity and high estate.

"Now, wife my home and children claim,"
Quoth one, "I must away;
But, ere I go, pray see the same
Our master's work to-day.

"How glorious is the rich year's store!
His lands how fair! his meadows grand!
Nothing is wanting, save more agers,
Why all is his!" the weaver said.

"In spite of what the Scriptures teach,
In spite of all the parson's cant,
This world, for rich and poor, we thought so long
It richer or more costly would not be."

"If you've had, how'e'er I rage,
'Tis all confined, and hard, and strange;
The good are treated just the contrary,
And all the weakest are the worst."

Quoth John, "Good master's not to blame in the cause,
Why then we blame our Maker's laws,
Parts of his ways above our ken,
'Tis all that man can see below."

"Don't then that carpet, our half done,
Which then, dear Dick, has well begun?
Behind the wild confusion lies
To rule the same, it makes one sure.

"A stranger, ignorant of the art,
Would say, on morning's dawn conveyed,
For whom's the artist's work intended?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick: "Any work by art in him,
But still in every part it lies;
Though seeming strange and incongruous,
And all the wisdest see the same.

Says John: "Then we're the thing I mean,
And now I hope to ease thy spleen;
Parts of his ways above my ken,
I'm not a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth these troubles we find,
They're working still some mission of God.

"He plan, and work, and truth divine,
All wants proportion, ruth and grace;
The motley mixture we behold,
Not see the imnatures upper side.

"But when we look these shades of light,
And view them works of God bright,
Then shall we the whole design find,
And own the workmen is divine.

"What now seems random stroke, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we quarrel,
For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "so more I'll grumble
This life and world's no strange a jumble;
We mortals cannot see all clearly,
For my own carpet sees not right."

Domestic Happiness.

CURTAIN LECTURES.

MRS. CAUDLE RETURNS TO HER NATIVE LAND. "UNMANLY CRUELTY" OF CAUDLE TO HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW. "TO REVENGE A FEW FRIENDS" FOR HER.

"There, I am sure, after that I ask you to do any thing for me, Mr. Caudle, goodness knows! and when I do, I've always reckoned of course, Oh, you! anybody but your own lawful wife. Every other human's about the best could behope like a husband—but I was left to shift for myself. To be sure, that's always the way with us women. Every other man, worthy to be called a man could snuggle a few things for his wife—but I might as well be alone in the world. Not one pair of silk stockings could you put in your hat for me—and everybody else rolled in here, and I don't know what. Eh? What, Mr. Caudle! What do I want with silk stockings? Well—I come to do something now! There was a time, I believe, when I had a notion—yes and silk shoes, too! but when once a woman's married, she has nothing at the sort' of course. No! I'm not a church, Mr. Caudle, don't my that. I know very well what I am.

"I dare say now, you'd have been delighted to snuggle for Miss Prettyman! Silk stockings he come her! Yes with Miss Prettyman was in the house! Ha! you, Mr. Caudle: that's only your eye—your hypocrisy. A nice person too, she'll be for the stone: it would be more the height for her being in it, I know. And when you saw the Custom House officers look at me as though they were peering me through what was your conduct? Shameful. You twittered about, and fidgetted, and flushed up as if I really was a smuggler. 'Do I you?' What had to do with it? It wasn't the part of a husband, I think, to fluster so that way and show it. 'You couldn't help it?' Hoogh! And you call yourself a person of strong mould, I believe! One of the lords of the creation! Ha! ha! Couldn't help it?

"But I may do all I can to save the money, and then in a strange my reward. Yes, Mr. Caudle, I shall save a great deal. 'How much?' I shall tell you. I have your memorandum—I want to stop it out of the house-allowance. No it's nothing to you where I get money from to buy what many things. The money was my own. Well, and if it was yours first, that's nothing to do with it. No: I have saved it out of the puddings. But it's always the woman who are who's dragged down. It's only your free-lady wives who're properly thought of. If I was to run you, Caudle, then you'd think something of it.

"I shan't go to sleep. It's very well for you who're not a mother to look after your hat as a church, but I can't sleep in that way. It's my most keepe one, mind, after all. I do feel so happy to-night, it's very hard I can't enjoy my bonnets. No: I can't think in silence: There's much enjoyment in that, to be sure! I've no doubt now you could listen to Miss Prettyman all night, don't care, I will speak. It was a little more than odd, I think, that she should be the party who drove the boat came in. Ha! she's been looking for you all the morning with a letter. I've no doubt—she's bold enough by anything. And then how she seemed and giggled when she sent it—and must how fat I'd get: like impudence, I think What? Well she might! I know what she wanted. you—she'd have liked to have had me snatched. She laughed at the prospect.

"I only wish I'd taken you at the dear girls with me. What things I could have stitched about you—not to mention myself to make my innocent children snuggers: she more innocent they looked, the better: but there you are! I wish I may call your principles again: as if it wasn't grown to everybody by nature to snuggle. I'm sure of it—it's born with us. And nicely I've cheated with this day. Lots and lots of silk stockings, and other things—to say nothing of the tumblers and decanters. No: I didn't look at 'em! I searched a place for four somebody should break the. There's a other of what you call your joints. but they were to keep, um for those who like em. I don't.

"And what I made after all? I've told you—you shall never know. No: I know you'd have fixed a lonsteed account if they'd searched me, but I never meant they should. I dare say you wouldn't snuggle—oh, no! you don't think it worth your while. You're quite a computer, you are, Caudle. Ha! ha! ha! Am I laughing at? Oh, my little know—such a clever creature! Ha! ha! Well now, I'll tell you. I know what as most commendating creature you were, so I made you snuggle whichever or not. How? Why, when you were out at the Cafe, I got your great coat and, and if I didn't stitch ten yards of best black, velvet under the lining I'm a sinful woman. And to see have innocent you looked when the officers walked round and round it. It was a beautiful moment, Caudle, to see you.

"What do you call it? A shameful trick,—unworthy of a wife! I couldn't care much for you? As if I didn't prove that by treating you with ten yards of velvet. But I don't care what you say: I've saved every thing—and but that beautiful English novel, that I've forgotten the name of. And if they didn't take it out of my hand and cut it like as touch dog's meat. Served me right—And when I see nothing buy a book! Oh, dear, see how it served me right. If you can buy the same book in France for four shillings and that people have the impudence to ask more than a guinea for it, I should like to steal it, that's their affair, not ours. As if there was anything in a book to steal!

"And now, Caudle, when are you going home. What! Our dear son? up. Well, I'm nothing to do with it. If we even lose a week's lodging—and we mayn't be that—we shall save it again in time. But you're such a man! Your house is the last place with you. I'm sure I don't get a wink at night, thinking what may happen. Three fine last week, and my son might as well have been at our house at once. 'No—they mightn't.' Well you know what I mean, and you're such a man.

"I'm sure, too, we've had quite enough of this place. But there's no reasoning you out of the fancies, Caudle. You are getting quite a gambler. And I don't think it's a more respectable one for us children, suffering as you do for French clocks and I don't know what. But there's no use in my—you never win any thing. Oh, I forgot. Yes: a newfan, that under any name you please to call it, I'm sure. A nice thing for a married man to make presents and to such a creature as that too. I see, for-sure! I wonder where's the money has a person her hand!

"I know I shall feel ill with anxiety if I stay here. Nobody left in the house but that Mrs. Clumpey. And she a such a stupid woman. I was only last night that I managed I saw our cat quite a mistress, and the canary stuff on its back at the bottom of the cage. You know, Caudle I've never happy like I do every time home, and then you will stay here. No, home's my comfort; I never want to stir over home, and you know it if thieves were to break in, what could that Mrs. Clumpey do against 'em? And the plate—I'll go home on Saturday! Our dear—mine home! On Saturday Caudle!

"What I answered," says Caudle. I forgot—but I know I thought it would be more once again shop pet on board the Red House

MRS. CAUDLE HAS RETURNED HOME—THE HOUSE OF SECRETS. "SHE HAS TO BE SEEN." "HE CAN-NOT, IN SELF-RESPECT, TARRY A DAY."

"After all, Caudle, it is something to get into one's own bed again. I shall sleep to-night. What! You're glad of it? That's like your sneering. I know what you mean. Of course I never can think of making myself comfortable, but you would say nothing. If you cared for your own bed like any other man, you'd not have staid out till this hour. Well, I've been you and of that house at once as I've come in. I only just made about the dirt and dust—and that fool, a parcel he hop-ped-upstairs! I thought I could have pinched that Mrs. Clumpey with untold gold: and did you ever see the heartbreaking? When we left home there was a sigue in it. I should like to know what could make out the house. No, it's very well for you to sneer at the toper, but swearing won't revive the poor thing. Eh? What, Mr. Caudle?

"You could go on and make yourself comfortable. Yes, you could have a little beer and sleep down are broken. How many do you think? No, I don't tell you how many—you shall know now. I'm sure! Talking about getting bowls at Margate, all the bowls sent every drawer in it: I went into the kitchen. There's dear mother's china sent crocked in two places. I could have sat down and cried when I saw it; a mug I can recollect when I was a child. To! I should have looked it you there! You that's your feeling for any thing or mine. I only wish I had been your punchbowl, but, thank goodness! I think that's chipped.

"Well, you haven't answered about the washing-bill, I see, mister sneery! 'You don't care?' Yes, you can. I very much. I'm sure you all of your feet, if nobody caught cold but you, it would be little matter. Six windows open, and three fires cracked! 'You can't help it?' I should like to know where the money's to come from to pay for it? They shan't be mended, that's all. Then you'll see how respectable the house will look. But I know very well what you think. Yes: you're glad of it. You think that this is a happy day of deliverance, I never stir out again. Then you can go to the mercy by yourself, perhaps you'll find Mrs. Caudle with Miss Prettyman—New: Caudle, if you knock the pillow with your fist in that way, I'll get up. It's very odd that I can't mention that person's name, but you begin to fight and quarrel as if I don't know what. There must be something in it. I'm sure I never mention the name to you—you never needs—but you know what I mean.

"But what I mean, Caudle, is this: a week; and there, only a week—and had a letter. I dare say she had. And then, as she said, it would be company for her to come and see me. She thought I should be ill again, and down in the cabin—but with all her art she does not know the depth of my nature. Not but what I was ill, though, like a brute you wanted me.

"What do you say? 'Good night, love?' Yes, you can be very much, I dare-so, when you set-to—to suit your own ends; but I can't go to sleep with any body in such a state. I'm sure the feeler of pardon will never come to itself again. I haven't touched the bonnet, and I don't know any more that half of them are lost. No. I don't always think the worst—no, and I don't always make myself happy before the time: but, of course, that's my temper—that's the caring about your property. If there ain't spiders in the curtains as big as sixpence, I'm a wicked creature. Not a broom-end in the house, save some more I've been. Why, but as soon as I set up now I'll rummage the house, that's all—and you won't like it, I know, at my pickles. Yes, you can swear at pickles when you are in bed, but anybody makes more noise when I'm when you're not.

"I only hope they've been to the wine cellar; then you may know what my feelings are. That cellar, you know—that 'You-know-nuts?' Yes, you thing! because she's my nicester—that's it. If that cellar only chopped—No: it won't be broken open. I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle; but if you could only see your face, you'd see that you've been—fainted. Poor thing! I know where the key is, and I'll go myself. Where? Why, what have you got there, Mr. Caudle? A key! What! If you don't intend to sleep you will read? Well, now it is come to something! If that isn't enough to make a body bring a bottle in bed—and a very respectable person he was who married him. Poets, indeed! I'd make a law against any one having more except myself. Oh, my goodness help the dear creatures tied to them! Like innocent moths lured by a candle! Talking of the sun of a husband—I wish I had the lamp to burn.

"Reading and Reflection.—The mind of the man of extensive reading without reflection, resembles a confused pile of rubbish, in which the form of a commanding power are possessed by both, but without any order or regularity. The mind of the latter, of the one, and the acquisitions of the other, instead of furthering, impede the progress of the former, and neither are under the control of their possessors. Without reflection, the mind is compared by the display rather that the disposition of their forces, and are thus often foiled by the inferior but better regulated antagonist. A skilful general is in such case a host in himself. Thoughts in order—compound with prayer, a person will remove at the sun of heaven and earth.

"Reading and Reflection.—The mind of the man of extensive reading without reflection, resembles